An ADDRESS,

To the Right Hononourable Sir JOHN FLEET, K^nt *Lord Mayor of the City of* London,

2. Nov. 1692

OUR great *Metropolis,* like the *Patiark's* Wife,
Hath to Two different *Nations* given Life;
One to the greateſt Bleſſings Born, and Nurſt,
The Other in his Mother's *Womb* Accurſt;
The Father, One of Num'rous *Iſrael,*
T'Other for *French* Pottage, their Birth-Rights ſell;
For *Veniſon* Feaſts, their City They'll betray,
And Baſely give their Franchiſes away;
With Juries, packt for Violence, and Blood,
They Hunt, and Murther th'Innocent and Good.
'Twas Criminal, with them, not to be Ill,
And the Beſt Men were markt for Vengeance ſtill.
The Vip'rous Brood, their Mother's Entrails Tear,
And Gnaw the *Heart* of Her that did them bear;
Right of *Election,* baſely they decline,
And all her old Foundations Undermine;
With Debaucht Treats, th'Enſnare th'*Apprentices,*
And the Lewd Boys, againſt the Laws Addreſs.
Theſe, and th'Inferiour *Clergy* were led on,
Their Cue was *Jus Divine,* and Forty One:
The *Obſervator* in the Van did vapour,
'Twas He that was *Vir Gregis, Ipſe Caper;*
Till They had fill'd the *Government* with Tools;
Deſpis'd by *Wiſe Men,* and upheld by *Fools.*
To Theſe, our Plagues, and Troubles owe their Birth!
Theſe Wrecthes, Shame, and Burthen of the Earth;
Who, tho' Juſt Heav'n at length have brought them under,
Like the fall'n Spirits, Fight againſt the Thunder;
Mean abject Souls, who obſtinate in Ill,
Altho' they want the Pow'r, Retain the Will:
They know not how to Bluſh, tho' they deſpair,
Having in Four *Elections* loſt the Chair;
All Good Men will ſuſpect what ſuch promote,
They're a Reproach to Him, for whom they Vote.
But leave 'em now, my Muſe, to heal the Matter,
By Drinking *Healths* to *to'ther ſide o' th' Water.*
And turn thine Eyes unto the Thronged Hall,
Freed from th'*Enchantments* of a *Packt Caball;*
The *Citizens,* from Armed Force, Reliev'd,
And their Condemned *Charters* all Repriev'd,
Sav'd, and Reſtor'd. What could our *Hearts* deſire?
We now Triumph over our Fatal *Fire,*
And gratefully Rejoyce in *KING* and *Mayor,*
Since Right *Election* fills the Throne and Chair.
What Land beſides can ſuch great Bleſſings prove?
W'are Rul'd by thoſe our ſelves are bound to Love:
Ages ſhall ſpeak the Praiſes of Our *KING,*
Who, Ventring All, did Our Deliv'rance bring:
He, who Our Antient *Birth-Rights* did *Reſtore,*
And Fights our *Battles* on a Foreign Shoar.

Thrice

Thrice Happy *England*! Guarded from Alarms,
Reſcu'd from Foreign Arts, and Foreign Arms;
The great Fatigue, thy Glorous *KING* ſuſtains,
Defends Thee from *French Councils*, and *French Chains*.
  You, Mighty *Magiſtrate*, muſt next take place,
Who, with wiſe Conduct, your great Power grace;
True to His Intereſt that fills the Throne,
Your *Citizens* may call their Lives their Own:
May *London's* Style in Glorious Letters ſwell,
And on Her Gates, ſtill write S. *P. Q. L.*
We from Your Equal Management, may hope
T' have Vice depreſt, and Virtue lifted up;
Nor fear We now the giving up of *Charters*,
We dread not ſtaking up the Heads of *Martyrs*,
Or Loading *Bloody Gates* with *Loyal Quarters*.
No *Packing Juries* from our Worthy *Sh'riffs*,
Nor Good Men *Sworn* to *Death* by Rogues and Thieves.
Canſt tell, O City! what thy Bleſſings are,
When a wiſe *Senator* ſupplies thy Chair?
Look but a few Years back, Admire, Adore
That Hand that did thy Guardian Laws Reſtore:
Now, Sir, Your *Citizens*, who have You choſe,
Under their *KING*, in you their Truſt Repoſe;
The Favour you receive from the Beſt Pair,
That e're Adorn'd the Table of *Lord Mayor*;
Thoſe Votes, that Royal kindneſs, plainly prove,
You'ave your *Peoples* Honour, and your *Prince's* Love:
Crown'd with that Glorious Pair, your Pompous *Hall*,
Defies *Verſailles*, and the Grand *Seragle*:
Thoſe *Dens of Tyrants*; Curſt by all, are Good,
Founded on nought but *Violence*, and *Blood*.
Rejoyce, O! *London*! Where at once are ſeen,
Of *Kings* the Valianteſt, and the Faireſt *Queen*;
So All-Divine, ſo Condeſcending too,
They ſcatter Bleſſings whereſoe're they go.
Whole Legions Throng, to ſee the Royal Pair,
And with glad Acclamations fill the Air;
Profuſions of Pomps, and Triumphs Crown,
The great Appearance, and the Joyful Town,
Have *Prince*, and *Patriot*, they are proud to own.
  Now, would I have the *Jacobites* true *Blue*,
Thoſe Yelping Brats of Truſty *Roger's* Crew;
Wh'Oppos'd your Intr'eſt in the Common *Hall*,
And for Succeſſion of the Chair did Bawl;
Lay by their Heats, Succumb, and not Biggotted,
Mind *Jeffreys*, *I--d*, and ſome others noted,
Whoſe Memories, are with juſt *Odium* Blotted;
Whileſt Reſtor'd *London* ſhall ſuch Patriots chooſe,
As Scorn Her *Charters*, or to give, or Loſe;
May *She* ſtill Glory in her *King* and *Mayor*,
A *Bleſſing* to the *Throne*, an *Honour* to the *Chair*.

FINIS.

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